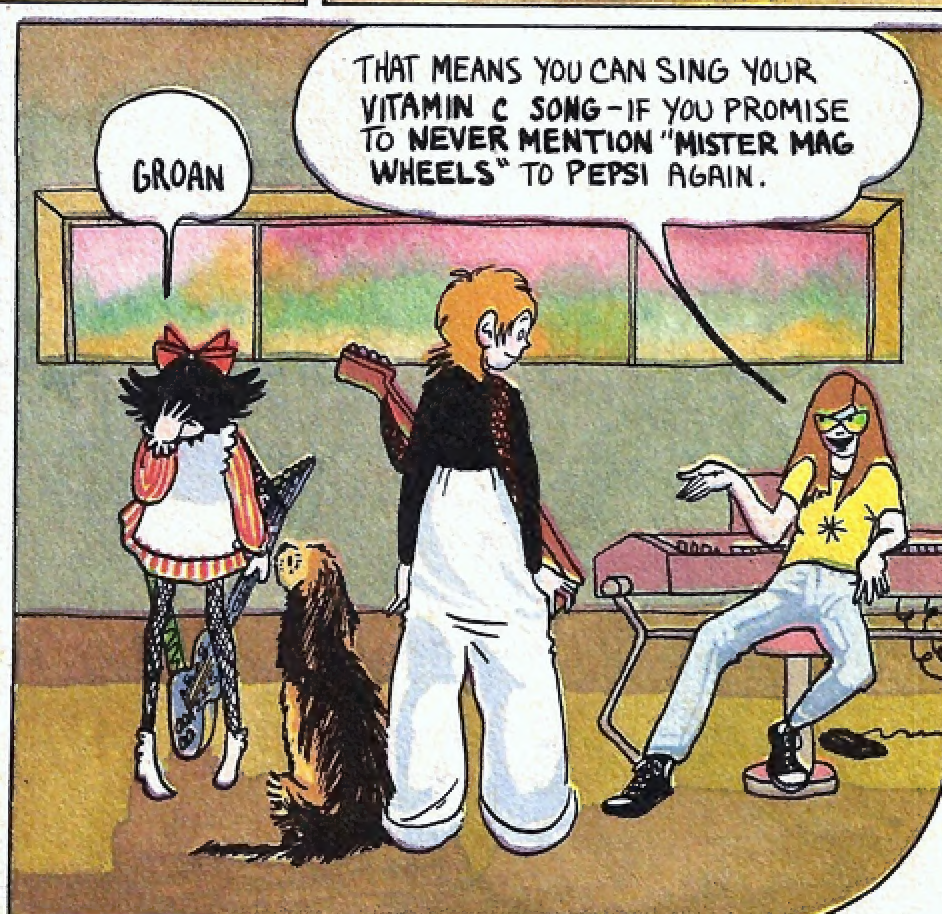


# TROTS & BONNIE





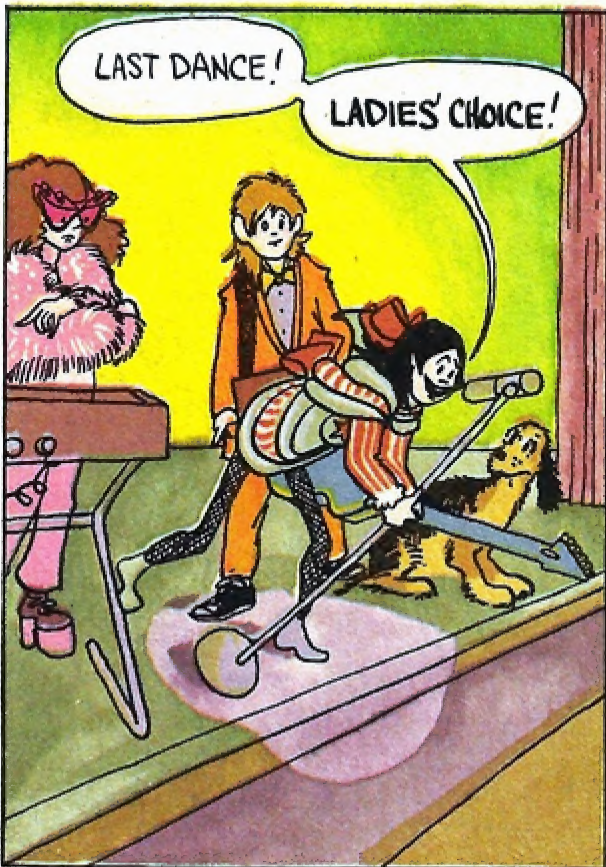


I HAVE HAIR ON MY LEGS, TOO.  
MY ARMPITS STINK,  
JUST LIKE YOU...

JUST BECAUSE I SIT DOWN TO PEE,  
DOESN'T MEAN I CAN'T BE  
PRESIDENT...



JUST BECAUSE MY UNDERPANTS  
DON'T HAVE A HOLE IN FRONT  
DOESN'T MEAN I CAN'T  
WRITE MY NAME IN THE SNOW...



LAST DANCE!

LADIES' CHOICE!



ORANGES AND CHERRIES,  
PLUMS AND PEARS...  
GRAPES, LEMONS, AND GREAT  
BIG JUICY BLUEBERRIES



KIWIS AND KUMQUATS ARE  
TERRIBLY CUTE  
THESE ARE A FEW OF MY  
FAVORITE FRUITS!



I LOVE  
IT!

IT SOUNDS VAGUELY  
CAUSTIC...YET NAIVE...

AMBIGUOUS, YET PRECISE!

TRADITIONAL,  
YET APROPOS...

SO PURE!

BETTER LYRICS  
THAN LAURA NYRO!

MORE PERFECT  
THAN PHOEBE SNOW.

FANTASTIC!

DOES SHE HAVE  
AN ALBUM OUT YET?



MAYBE WE COULD  
CHANGE IT TO  
"MS. MAG WHEELS"?

GEE, TROTS, WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO  
WITH THESE GROUPIES?

PICK OUT THE CUTEST ONE  
AND SEE IF YOU CAN TRADE  
HER TO MARIE OSMOND  
FOR DONNY.

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